I cannot conceive whom you mean by Mrs. Talbot and her niece Justinia, and how they want me to serve them. I have no list with me but that of figures, which cannot be employed, as being evidently a cipher; therefore, pray do not write *amphibologiquement,* except when you are very sure I must recollect. You know I am not quick at deciphering, and never could guess anything. Indeed, I hate the trouble of it, which some people like. Do you not remember my making a charade in going to Paris, and when I returned to Menil, having forgotten to write down the solution, I could not make out what it was?

I dined yesterday at Cannel d'Anville's with Hovel, the painter, of Sicily. There was a large company of men; and a very pretty housekeeper directed the service, helped the guests, and then sat on a chair behind, without attending to the free conversation that passed at table. The Cannels are great merchants, and have now the looking-glass manufactory; but I think the bad sales, destruction of all credit, and want of

exportation,
must ruin any adventurer in that trade.

The Countess Amelie de Boufflers' husband
has been long dead, and there is a suspicion that
she is married again to M. Chevalier, her son's